

SCREAM

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T.M.

A SKYWALK
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION



LADY SATAN
EVIL ORIGIN ISSUE

LADY SATAN

...this is her MACABRE ORIGIN ISSUE...

... this lithe-limbed beautiful black character before your eyes is not ONE woman but TWO ... in 1973, NOW, she is the girl ANNE JACKSON—sweet, and innocent, mature in her sexual and feminine liberation, secure in her attitude and adjustments to these hard times, yet nerve as the feminine mystique DEMANDS ...

... yet WITHIN her is ANOTHER ... of another TIME, a black and horrid era ... a rotting reincarnate MIND that once was burned at the stake when accused and convicted of WITCHCRAFT—LADY SATAN ... QUEEN ANNE, THE BLACK WITCH OF SALEM ... long DEAD and long thought BURIED ... but her macabre ENERGIES sustained her foul mind over centuries until NOW, when only by wretched accident, she comes to possess the mind of one ANNE JACKSON—and two MINDS and HEARTS of opposite bent BATTLE for control of a single BODY ...

... how can GOOD triumph over such a depraved vampire-witch as LADY SATAN? Yes—how can EVIL win control of one as innocent as ANNE JACKSON ... perhaps ... perhaps NEITHER will win out straight-away ... perhaps the gods will let them decide the victor themselves ... and if so, the tale we tell will be a LONG and DRAMATIC one ...

... LADY SATAN is the creation of ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON and RANCID RICARDO VILLAMONTE and she makes her debut in this special origin issue ... her continuing chapters will be featured in every issue of SCREAM to follow ... chapter one of the LADY SATAN saga begins ... on page 4 ... to begin our second volume of SCREAM ...

... NOSFERATU presents SINNER CANE ... THE NAME MEANS EVIL ... illustrated by ZESAR, this is CHAPTER TWO of the comic creation that is so popular it is being translated for syndication in European countries ... see page 58 ...

... ALSO IN THIS ISSUE ...

... on page 48 ... THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI ... by Sinsister SUGO ... a junket up the murky Mississippi is the screenplay for this macabre and unusual narrative about a stern-wheeler which throws up dead and rotting corpses upon its decks ...

... THE THING IN THE BLACK DRESS ... our cover story ... on page 23 ... the first in a series of GOTHIC FAIRY TALES ...

... THE VAMPIRE LETTERS ... introduces artist ENILIO to the WOOD-TEAM with a simple little story of a man and a woman in love ... 'till death do NOT them part ... page 37 ...

... artist DELA ROSA produced I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HIRE on page 13 ... a noxious fable of one man's accident and another man's crime ... and a third man's PREMATURE INTERMENT in the city MORGUE ...

... and there's more ... MUCH MORE ... as soon as you lean back and begin to leer elsewhere within this word edition of tales scripted to make you SCREAM ...

... for your HORROR-MOOD entertainment ...



A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

NUMBER TWO

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION . . .

... Introducing in this SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE ...

the saga of LADY SATAN—THE MACABRE BEGINNING

PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

— EDITED AND WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON —

COVER ARTIST . . . MIRALLES

STORY ARTISTS . . . MAELO CINTHON DELA ROSA — DOMINGO — EMILO

MARO NAVA — SUSO — VILLAMONTE — ZESAR

center-fold pin-up pull-out—THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

... in this issue a blockbuster story by **EDGAR ALLAN POE**
—an exciting experiment in COMIC GRAPHICS

THE TINGING BLACK DRESS

... WELCOME TO SCREAM #2...
I'M YOUR ARCH-SCHEMERHOST
TO THE WEIRD HORRORS HEREIN!

... THERE ARE 10 TALES OF THE MACABRE
IN THIS ISSUE... BUT FIRST FLIP THE PAGE TO

LADY SATAN FOR THE BIRTH OF
A BRAND NEW HORROR HEROINE!

I WAS
A
VAMPIRE
FOR
HIRE

THE
FETID
BELLE
OF THE

MISSISSIPPI

THE
VAMPIRE
HUNTERS

THE TINGING THAT LEFT
NO FINGERPRINTS

EDGAR A. POE'S
the PIT
and the PENDULUM


THE
VAMPIRE
LETTERS

... THE NAME
IS SINNER.
CANE... AND THE
NAME MEANS
EVIL!

ROBERTA CHAPMAN



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THIS GIRL; THIS SWEET, INNOCENT WOMAN, THIS BEAUTIFUL BLACK BOMBSHELL MIGHT LOOK (ALMOST) LIKE ANY OTHER GIRL AT THE MOMENT...

...BUT SHE IS **NOT** JUST ANY GIRL... SHE IS A HEROINE, AND A VICTIM, A LOSER, AT ONCE EVIL AND RIGHTEOUS, ALTOGETHER IMMORAL YET AMORAL...

...SHE IS ONLY ANNE JASON AT THE MOMENT... BUT SHORTLY, SOMETIME TONIGHT SHE WILL BE...

LADY SATAN

...AND HERE STARTS HER ADVENTURES...

- CHAPTER I -

the MACABRE BEGINNING

...BUT TONIGHT ISN'T HERE YET, AND NOW THE GIRL, ANNE JASON IS WRAPPED UP IN DEEP THOUGHT...

...I'VE BEEN WRITING MYSELF FOR THE LAST 23 YEARS...

...EITHER THAT OR JUST GROWING UP ONE OR THE OTHER...

...ALL THAT MATTERS IS... THAT NOW I'VE COME TO A POINT IN MY LIFE... I FEEL I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING WITH MYSELF...

...FAMILIAR THOUGHTS...
...THEY ARE TO MOST OF US AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER...

...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ME THAT MAKES ME DIFFERENT FROM MY FRIENDS...

...I FEEL I DON'T BELONG IN 1973...



THINKING
OUT LOUD
ANNE?

WHAT DEEP-DARK
THOUGHTS?

... I'M JUST
WONDERING WHAT
TO DO WITH
MYSELF...

YOU?

...THE GIRL
VOTED MOST LIKELY
TO SUCCEED...THE GIRL
EVERY OTHER GIRL AT
VASSAR WANTED TO
EMULATE...PRIZE
SPORTSWOMAN...
HONOR STUDENT...
...**YOU** WONDER
WHAT TO DO WITH
YOURSELF?

YES...
I SUPPOSE
SO...

...I GUESS
I'LL GET A
JOB!

WHAT FOR? YOUR
PARENTS LEFT YOU
A FORTUNE...

YES...BUT
I'M NOT THE
JET-SET TYPE
OR...THE HIPPIE-
TYPE...

C'MON, ANNE, LET'S DRIVE INTO SALEM FOR
A LOOK-SEE...YOU PROMISED TO TAKE A FULL
MONTH TO JUST DRIVE AROUND AND SEE
THE NEW ENGLAND SIGHTS...

WORRY
ABOUT TOMORROW
LATER...





WHAT KIND OF
PLACE IS THIS
BERENICE?

I DUNNO... YOURIST
ATTRACTION I SUPPOSE...
THE PEOPLE OF SALEM HAVE FIXED UP
THEIR TOWN LIKE IT WAS HUNDREDS OF
YEARS AGO DURING THE WITCH TRIALS!



...IT IS...
HER...

WHAT?
ME?



DRAW HER HERE... OUR
PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED...
ANNE, THE WITCH-QUEEN IS
RETURNED FROM THE DEAD
PAST...

GO ON, ANNE, GO
ON... THEY WANT
YOU TO JOIN IN...

...BUT... HOW
DID THEY KNOW
MY NAME?

...BLACK QUEEN OF SALEM
WITCHES... WERE YOU NOT
CONTENT WITHIN YOUR GRAVE...
MUST YOU RETURN
TO TAUNT US?

...BLACK ANNE... WIFE OF
SARAH... WHY DID YOU RETURN
WHEN WE BANISHED
YOU FROM OUR MIDST
CENTURIES AGO?



...MY HEAD...
I... I...



...GET
AWAY FROM ME...
LEAVE ME
BE...

...SHE
TURNS
INTO A
DEMON...



...LET ME BE...
OR I'LL SET ALL
THE DEMONS
IN HELL
AGAINST YOU!!

TIE HER
TO THE
STAKE! SHE
MUST BE
BURNED
AGAIN!

LUCIFER,
OUYAR,
CHAMERON,
ALISEON,
MANDOUSIN,
PREMY, ORIST,
NAYDRUS,
ESACHY,
ESPARNESONT...



GOOD LORD...
SHE'S FOR
REAL...

ANNE...
ANNE...
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



ARE
YOU NOT
AFRAID?

ANNE!

NOT I
BLACK
ANNE...

I AM YOUR
SERVANT...NOW...
AS I WAS THEN!



...ONCE AGAIN I
AM DRESSED AS A
QUEEN DRESSES...

...NOW I WILL
RENEW MY PLEDGE
TO THE MASTER
AND TAKE MY
PLACE BY HIS
SIDE...



...AS
THE...

BRIDE OF SATAN...



LISTEN TO ME WHELA...

HOW MANY ARE IN THIS COVEN?

...THIRTEEN MISTRESS...

GATHER THEM...TONIGHT I CALL UP THE MASTER!

...TONIGHT... I MARRY...

...BUT THE DEMONS...

...THE DEMONS WERE OF HER OWN CONCOCTION... NOT OURS...



AS FAR AS WE WERE CONCERNED IT WAS AN ACT...WE LEARNED HER NAME FROM THE HOTEL REGISTER...

...THEN THE WHOLE THING WAS AN ACT!

...IT'S A GAMMICK WE PULL OFF REGULARLY...



BUT...BUT... THE NAME ANNE... THE BLACK WITCH-QUEEN...

ONLY A COINCIDENCE... THO' THERE WAS A VERY FAMOUS ANN...



THO' THE WITCH TRIALS WERE A FARCE AND THE ACCURSED WERE NO MORE WITCHES THAN YOU OR I, THERE WAS ACTUALLY A CULT WHO BELIEVED IN IT...

...BUT THEY WERE NEVER BROUGHT TO TRIAL OR EXECUTED... THEY WERE LED BY A MYSTERIOUS BLACK WITCH CALLED ANNE...

I'VE GOT TO FIND ANNE...WHERE DO I LOOK?

...IN THOSE HILLS, IN 1973 THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO PRACTICE WITCHCRAFT...

...THEY EMULATE THE OLD ONES AND HAVE A CAVE UP THERE NOT FAR AWAY...

...BUT SHE WAS NOT A YOUNG WOMAN LIKE YOUR FRIEND...SHE WAS A HAG...IT IS SAID, SHE WAS SO PITIFULLY UGLY SHE COULD BEWITCH IF YOU AS MUCH AS LOOKED AT HER...

...AN UNHOLY CHANT BEGINS...

...EMPEROR
LUCIFER...



...MASTER OF ALL
THE REVOLTED
SPIRITS...



...I ENTREAT
THEE, O
COUNT
ASTAROT...



...BE
PROFITOUS
TO ME...



...GRANT AN
APPEARANCE
TO ME IN THY
HUMAN
FORM...



OH, GRAND
LUCIFER...



I PRAY THEE
TO QUIT THY
DWELLING AND
COME HITHER
TO ME...



MASTER, LUCIFER...
I GREET THEE...
LOVER... MASTER...
MONSTER...





COME ASIDE,
CHILD...BEFORE
WE WED...AWAY
FROM THE
OTHERS...



YOU KNOW WHAT IS EXPECTED
OF A BRIDE OF SATAN?

I DO...I HAVE LONGED
FOR THIS NIGHT LONG
CENTURIES...

...THEN...
LET US BE
WED...



...I PLEDGE
THEE MY SOUL
MY LORD...

THAT'S ANNE'S
VOICE...
ANNE...



...I THINK
THAT'S ANNE...
SHE LOOKS STRANGE,
SOMEHOW...



WHAT IS IT YOU
DO?



...WHAT
IS IT I DO?
IS MY BODY
INHABITED BY
ANOTHER?...AM I
HAUNTED?

I AM NOT
YOURS...THE
WITCH THAT GO-
INHABITS MY
BODY
IS
YOURS...
BUT NOT I...
NOT I...



IT'S A TRICK...
THIS NIGHT YOU
WILL REGRET...

I WANT TO
LIVE... I WILL
NOT LET HER
WITHHOLD ME FROM
MY MARRIAGE...

...WHETHER PLANNED OF HER
OWN HAND OR NOT, ANNE RUNS...



OH GOD,
SAVE
ME...

...AND WHETHER PLANNED OF FATE OR SATAN
SHE SLIPS ON THE ROPE LADDER AND MISSES
HER FOOTING...



...FALLING TO
HER DEATH...

ANNE IS
DEAD, WITHIN HER
THE ENERGIES THAT
ARE EVIL NOW ARE
DORMANT AND ARE
ALSO PRESUMED DEAD...

THUS... LADY SATAN, BRIDE
OF THE GRAND LUCIFER, IS
ALSO DEAD...

...THIS BEGINNING MAY SEEM
MORE LIKE AN END TO ANNE
JACKSON LADY SATAN BEFORE
SHE BEGINS HER RE-BIRTH...
BUT WE SAID IT WAS A MACABRE
BEGINNING... FOR ONE WITHIN
IS NOT DEAD... AS NEXT WE
SHALL LEARN THE ORIGIN
OF LADY SATAN...

...AND WITNESS IN
HORROR THE RE-BIRTH OF
WHO WE NOW THINK IS DEAD IN:

WHAT IS EVIL and WHAT IS NOT?



...THIS IS THE TALE OF *STANLEY THE VAMPIRE*...IT *HAD SEEM* LIKE A FUNNY STORY AT THE *START*... BUT AS IT WILL SOON BE SEEN, IT ISN'T FUNNY AT *ALL*...

"...I AM *WRETCHED* NOW THAT IT IS ALL OVER AND *DONE* WITH! I HAVE MY *PRICE* TO *PAY* TO *SOCIETY* AND PAY IT I *WILL*... BUT NOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT SUCH AN *INNOCENT POSTER* WOULD LEAD TO ME...*PRESENT*... KIND OF... LIFE... HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT A POSTER-ADVERTISEMENT SAYING THAT...

I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HIRE

...WOULD LEAD ME TO WHAT I AM *NOW*."

...WASH...THIS
MAY *SEEM* NOTHING
MORE THAN A
GIMMICK...
BUT...

...BUT...I
THINK I CAN
USE THIS GUY
TO MY *OWN*
ADVANTAGE...



VAMPIRE FOR HIRE

... LOTS OF FUN AT PARTIES ... LET ME SCARE YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS RIGHT OUT OF THEIR MINDS ... TOTAL FUN ... TOTAL LAUGHTER GUARANTEED ... I AM SING, DANCE, DO IMPRESSIONS OF FAMOUS DEAD PEOPLE, PERFORM COMEDY ROUTINES AND MINGLE WITH YOUR GUESTS ... CALL ME FOR FREE ESTIMATE

...SO STARTED MY TALE ON THAT AWFUL FEBRUARY MORNING WHEN *ONE MAN* OUT OF *THOUSANDS* WHO SAW MY SIGN DECIDED HE COULD *USE* MY *TALENTS*... BUT NOT FOR THE PURPOSE THAT I INTENDED ... BUT FOR *HIS* PURPOSES...HIS *HIGHLY IRREGULAR* PURPOSES...



...DO YOU WANT
THE VAMPIRE BIT
OR WHAT?

YES... I THINK
THAT'S A GREAT
IDEA... WE CAN HAVE
YOU HIDING OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW AND THEN
SMASH THROUGH THE
WINDOW AT **JUST** THE
RIGHT MOMENT AND
SCARE EVERYBODY
OUT OF THEIR WITS...

STANLEY
VAMPIRE
FOR HIRE



...STANLEY THOUGHT
A WINDOW?

YES I THINK I'LL ADD
TO THE **REALISM**...
...WE'LL USE A **FAKE WINDOW**
OF COURSE... I'LL HAVE PHONY
GLASS RIGGED UP... BUT IT'LL
LOOK LIKE THE **REAL THING**
ALRIGHT...



WELL THAT'S... JUST...
FINE... MY FEE IS \$100
FOR THE NIGHT...

...A HUNDRED...
...NOT ENOUGH... I'LL
GIVE YOU \$200 IF
YOU DELIVER A LOT
OF LAUGHS...

...WELL...
WE'VE GOT A
DEAL THEN...



... I SHOULD'VE KNOWN
BETTER... ANYBODY THAT
OFFERS \$200 FOR A JOB
ONLY WORTH \$100 HAS
EITHER GOT TO BE A **MUT**
... OR HAVE AN **ULTERIOR**
MOTIVE... BUT I DON'T
EVEN **THINK** OF THAT
THEN... AS I WATCHED
THROUGH THE WINDOW
OF THE COTTAGE... ALL I
COULD THINK OF WAS THE
LAUGHS I WAS GONNA
GET...

...IT WAS A **STRANGE** KIND OF A **PARTY**... I FIGURED
EVERYBODY WOULD BE LAUGHING AND **HYOOING** IT UP,
BUT INSTEAD EVERYBODY JUST SAT AROUND LOOKING DEAD,
HARDLY EVEN SPEAKING TO ONE ANOTHER...





...I GOT SORED SITTING OUTSIDE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS THE RIGHT TIME TO MAKE MY ENTRANCE AND DECIDED THAT ANY TIME WAS AS GOOD AS ANY...



Aaaaargh!

AAH!

...OH GOD...

...UUU... MY HEART...





... THE POLICE CAME AND QUESTIONED ME...
QUESTIONED **EVERYBODY**... IT WAS A
TRAGIC **ACCIDENT** THEY SAID... A TERRIBLE
COINCIDENCE I SAID TO **MYSELF** THAT
AN OLD MAN WITH A WEAK HEART SHOULD BE
PRESENT DURING MY SET-UP 'SCARE'
PERFORMANCE... IF YOU ASK **ME** IT WAS ONE
HELLUVA COINCIDENCE.



...I FOUND OUT THE OLD
MAN LEFT HIS SON-IN-LAW
A **MINT** IN HIS **WILL**... IT
DIDN'T TAKE **TOO** MANY
BRAINS TO FIGURE OUT
THAT I'D BEEN **USED**...
THAT THE WHOLE THING
WAS A **PLOT** BY
WATSON TO INHERIT HIS
WY INTO A **FORTUNE**...



...I HAD TO FIGURE OUT SOMEWAY OF BRINGING THE **MURDERER** TO
JUSTICE... GET HIM TO **ADMIT** TO HIS **PLOT** TO THE **POLICE**...
BEING A GUY OF GREAT... ER... **IMAGINATION**... I FIGURED OUT A **PLAN**
THAT WOULD **EXPOSE** **WATSON** FOR WHAT HE WAS... AND SET IT INTO
OPERATION THE MORNING OF THE **FUNERAL** AT THE **SHOREWAY**...



...I...
...**LOVED** THAT
OLD MAN... HE WAS
A **GOOD FATHER** TO
SYLVANNE AND A
FRIEND TO **ME**...
... WE SHALL ALL
MISS HIS PASSING...



...NOW I
THINK...UUU
...MY HAND...



WHY...
...DID YOU
MURDER
ME?...







...PLAYING DEAD...
...I AM... NOT THE
OLD MAN...



...THE OLD MAN
I THOUGHT... WAS
DEAD...
...I THOUGHT YOU'D **USED**
ME TO COMMIT THE PERFECT
CRIME...



I... TOOK THE PLACE OF THE **CORPSE**...
APPLIED THE PHONEY MAKE-UP... THIS
DISGUISE... TO TRAP YOU INTO
CONFESSING YOUR **CRIME**...

BUT MY FATHER-IN-LAW...
...WHERE IS MY
FATHER-IN-LAW?
HE WAS ONLY UNDER
DRUGS TO FAKE
DEATH...

...WHAT DID YOU
DO WITH MY
FATHER-IN-LAW?



...COME
WITH ME...





... I PUT HIM IN
THERE THIS
MORNING...



OH GOD...
HE'S FROZEN
TO DEATH...

... I'D FIGURED THE BEST PLACE TO PUT A CORPSE WAS IN A FROZEN PLACE
LIKE THIS WHERE HE WOULD REMAIN... AVAILABLE... UNTIL I'D CLEARED HIS
GOOD NAME... BUT THE POLICE DON'T AGREE... I WAS CONVICTED OF
MANSLAUGHTER AND AM NOW SERVING 8 TO 10 IN THE STATE PEN FOR
FREEZING A MAN TO DEATH...

... AT LEAST I HAD ONE SMALL COMFORT... THEY FOUND THE SON-IN-LAW GUILTY OF
FIRST DEGREE MURDER... EXECUTED HIM... THE IRONY OF IT ALL WAS THEY
PUT HIM INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AND... HE BURNED...

...THIS... IS A FAIRY TALE... #1 IN A SERIES WHICH WE CALL:

GOthic
FAIRY
TALES:

THE THING IN THE BLACK DRESS



...ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS AN AILING OLD WOMAN WHO WAS BECOMING TOO OLD TO REMAIN THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IN THE TOWN OF DRAX, AUSTRIA... SO SHE PICKED UP HER BELONGINGS AND BEGAN TO WALK...



...ONCE SHE HAD BEEN VERY BEAUTIFUL - ONCE, WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG... SHE IS STILL BEAUTIFUL, BUT CANNOT COMPETE WITH YOUNGER GIRLS FOR THE SOCIAL STATUS OF BEING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION, WHICH WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN HER LIFE...

...WE BEGIN AS THE OLD WOMAN ENTERS THE SCENIC BUT DISTANT VILLAGE OF GARB, TRANSYLVANIA, WHERE SHE HOPES SHE CAN REGAIN HER RIGHTFUL POSITION AS THE QUEEN OF SOCIETY...



...HAVING ONCE ALREADY **SEEN** THE QUEEN OF SOCIETY, SHE KNOWS HOW TO GO ABOUT ACHIEVING IT AGAIN...AND SO JOINS EVERY SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN TOWN...

...SHE QUICKLY REELS THE SOCIAL LADDER, AND SOON SHE IS EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTED TO BE: THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION...



...BUT SHE IS NOT NUMBER ONE... THERE IS **ANOTHER** WOMAN WHO HOLDS THE NUMBER ONE POSITION... A MUCH **YOUNGER** WOMAN MUCH MORE **ATTRACTIVE** TO MEN, ON WHOM THE OLDER WOMAN IS NOT HAVING MUCH EFFECT...



...AND SHE FINDS SHE HAS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO **DISPOSE** OF THE OTHER WOMAN...



I DON'T LIKE HER...

WHY? SHE'S A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL PERSON...

...THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HER... I'VE SEEN HER **KIND** OF WOMAN BEFORE.



KIND? WHAT DO YOU MEAN... **KIND** OF WOMAN...

I DON'T WANT TO **FALSELY** ACCUSE HER OF ANYTHING WITHOUT PROOF... I'LL GET THAT PROOF TONIGHT AND GIVE IT TO YOU.

...THEN YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN...

...THE OLD WOMAN SPENT A LOT OF TIME **THINKING** THAT NIGHT ABOUT HOW SHE COULD FRAME THE YOUNGER WOMAN. SHE REALIZED THAT THE **WORST ACCUSATION** SHE COULD MAKE WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE **SUPERSTITIOUS** ATTITUDES OF THE LOCAL VILLAGERS... SHE REALIZED THE **BEST INSINUATION** SHE COULD MAKE WAS THAT THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS A **VAMPIRE**... FOR THE VILLAGERS WERE IN PERPETUAL FEAR OF VAMPIRES, AND WOULD KILL ANYONE EVEN **SUSPECTED** TO BE ONE.



BEAUTY SLEEP?
RUBBISH, SHE'S
OBVIOUSLY A
VAMPIRE...

...THE OLD WOMAN TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE OF THIS COINCIDENCE AND EXPLOITED THE FACTS AND **TWISTED** THEM TILL IT BECAME OBVIOUS THAT HER 'RIVAL' WAS IN FACT... A **VAMPIRE**...

...IN THE MORNING SHE SET HER PLAN INTO EFFECT...

I **KNEW** IT.
I **KNEW**
THERE WAS
SOMETHING
STRANGE
ABOUT HER.

...WHAT
THO?

FOLLOW ME
TO HER HOUSE
AND I'LL **SHOW**
YOU.

A **DEAD**
BODY!

YES... BUT NO
ORDINARY DEAD
BODY... NOTICE
HOW THE BODY
CAME TO BE
DEAD...

TWO
PUNCTURES
IN THE **NECK**
TELL US
HOW...

...IN HER VERY
BACKGARD...
NOW WE KNOW
WHY WE NEVER SEE
HER OUTSIDE
DURING
DAYLIGHT...

WE
DON'T?

SAY...
THAT'S **RIGHT**...
SHE **SLEEPS**
DURING THE DAY...
CLAIMS SHE NEEDS
A LOT OF
BEAUTY
SLEEP...

SHE LED THE OTHERS INSIDE THE HOUSE OF HER 'VICTIM' AND CONFRONTED THE POOR WOMAN...




WAKE UP
VAMPIRE...
...WE FOUND
THE **BODY**...

BODY?
WHAT
BODY?

...THE
BODY OF THE
ITINERANT
TRAVELLER THAT YOU
ATTACKED LAST
NIGHT AND
FOOLISHLY LEFT IN
YOUR **GARDEN**.







I WAS SICK--SICK WITH THAT LONG AGONY,
AND WHEN THEY UNBOUND ME, I WAS PERMITTED
TO SIT, I FELT THAT MY SENSES WERE LEAVING
ME. THE SENTENCE...THE DREAD SENTENCE
OF DEATH--WAS THE LAST WHICH REACHED
MY EARS...

...I SAW THE LIPS OF THE
BLACK-ROBED JUDGES...
THIN TO GROTESQUENESS...
THIN TO THEIR INTENSE
REGULATION TO HUMAN
TORTURE...

I WAS DRAGGED OUT OF THE
COURTROOM...YET ALL WAS NOT
LOST...WAS I IN THE DEEPEST
SLUMBER--NO! IN DELIRIUM--NO!
IN A SNOON--NO! IN DEATH--NO!
EVEN IN THE GRAVE ALL IS NOT
LOST!

EDGAR A. POE'S
the **PIT**
and the **PENDULUM**



...SUDDENLY
THERE CAME
TO MY SOUL
MOTION
AND SOUND
—THE TUMULTUOUS
MOTION OF THE
HEART, AND,
IN MY EYES,
THE SOUND
OF ITS
BEATING...



...THE INTENSITY
OF THE ETERNAL
NIGHT ENCOM-
PASSED ME...THE
ATMOSPHERE
WAS INTOLERABLY
CLOSE...YET NOT
FOR A MOMENT
DID I SUPPOSE
MYSELF ACTUALLY
DEAD... BUT
WHERE WAS I?
MY GOD...IN
THE **TOLEDO**
DUNGEONS?



THE WALL WAS OF
STONE MASONRY,
SLIMY AND COLD...THE
CELL ITSELF WAS
NOT TINY, BUT THE
CEILING WAS SO
FAR UP IT WAS
A STRAIN TO
SEE IT...



I FOUND BESIDE ME A
LOAF AND A PITCHER
WITH WATER, AND I
ATE AND DRANK WITH
AVIDITY...



I PROCEEDED ONLY
A FEW FEET AND
STUMBLED AND FELL
ON MY **FACE...** TO
MY **ASTONISHMENT**
MY FACE DID NOT
HIT THE FLOOR,
BUT FELL INTO AN
OPEN AREA... AT
THE VERY **BRINK**
OF A **BLACK**
AND **CIRCULAR**
PIT...



AS I LOOKED AROUND MY
DUNGEON VAGUE RUMORS
OF THE HORRORS OF
TOLEDO CAME TO ME...
STRANGE FABLES TOO
GHASTLY TO REPEAT...

...DECIDING TO FIND OUT THE DEPTH OF THE ABYSS, I LET FALL A SMALL PIECE OF MASONRY...FOR AN ENDLESS TIME THERE WERE SOUNDS OF ITS HITTING THE WALL AS IT DESCENDED...THEN THE SOUND OF ITS PLUNGE INTO WATER...

I SAW CLEARLY THE DOOM WHICH HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR ME...I TOOK MORE OF THE WATER AND FELT MYSELF FAINT...QUICKLY REALIZING IT HAD BEEN DRUGGED...



...WHEN I AWOKE MY PERSONAL CONDITION HAD BEEN GREATLY CHANGED DURING MY SLUMBER...I NOW LAY UPON MY BACK, ON A SPECIES OF LOW FRAMEWORK OF WOOD...TO THIS I WAS SECURELY BOUND BY A LONG STRAP BINDING MY ENTIRE BODY...AND LEAVING ONLY MY HEAD FREE, AND MY LEFT ARM...



A SLIGHT NOISE ATTRACTED MY NOTICE, AND LOOKING TO THE FLOOR, I SAW SEVERAL ENORMOUS RATS. WHILE I GAZED THEY CAME UP WITH RAVENOUS EYES TO DEVOUR MY FOOD...

WHEN I LOOKED TO
THE CEILING, I WAS
COMFOUNDED
AND AMAZED...
MOUNTED IN THE
CEILING WAS A
MASSIVE BLADE
SWINGING TO
AND FRO LIKE
A PENDULUM
AND... OH...
HORRORS...

DESCENDING...

...DOWN STEADILY IT
CREPT... TO THE
RIGHT--TO THE
LEFT--FAR AND
WIDE-- WITH
THE SHRIEK
OF A
DAMNED
SPIRIT...

I GASPED AND STRUGGLED
AT EACH VIBRATION... I
SHRUNK CONVULSIVELY AT
ITS EVERY SWEEP... TEN OR
TWELVE VIBRATIONS WOULD
BRING THE STEEL IN CONTACT
WITH MY LIFE...

...DOWN... CERTAINLY
RELENTLESSLY DOWN!
IT VIBRATED WITHIN
THREE INCHES OF MY
BOSSOM... I STRUGGLED
FURIOUSLY TO FREE
MYSELF... I MIGHT AS
WELL HAVE ATTEMPTED TO
ARREST AN AVALANCHE...



...FOR THE FIRST TIME NOW
IN MANY HOURS...I THOUGHT
THE AREA WAS LITERALLY
SWARMING WITH RATS...
THEY WERE WILD,
RAVENOUS "TO WHAT
FOOD HAVE THEY
BEEN ACCUSTOMED
TO?" I THOUGHT...


I RUBBED THE
BANDAGE THAT
BOUND ME WITH
THE OILY, FILTHY
FOOD...



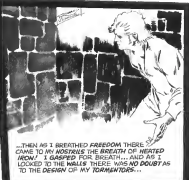
I LAY
MOTIONLESS...
THEY LEAPED UPON
ME AND SWARMED
UPON THE BANDAGES...THEY
WRITHED UPON MY THROAT...



AT LENGTH I WAS
FREE AND AS I SWUNG
OFF THE WOODEN STRUCTURE
I WAS STUNG BY THE LAST
STROKE OF THE PENDULUM...BUT I
WAS **ALIVE...FREE...**



I HAD SCARCELY STEPPED FROM
MY WOODED BED OF HORROR
WHEN THE MOTION OF THE
MACHINE CEASED AND IT
WAS DRAWN UP THROUGH
THE CEILING BY SOME
INVISIBLE FORCE...



...THEN AS I BREATHED FREEDOM THERE
CAME TO MY NOSTRILS THE BREATH OF HEATED
IRON! I GASPED FOR BREATH... AND AS I
LOOKED TO THE WALLS THERE WAS NO DOUBT AS
TO THE DESIGN OF MY TORMENTORS...

...THE ROOM WAS SHRINKING...THE WALLS WERE SEETHING NOT AND COLLAPSING UPON ME...DRIVING ME INTO THE CENTER OF THE VAULT, WHERE THE FLOOR IN FACT DID NOT EXIST, FOR MY TORMENTORS WERE FORCING ME TO **FALL INTO THE PIT...**

I FELL UPON THE FLOOR AND SHRIEKED...THE AGONY OF MY SOUL FOUND VENT IN ONE LOUD, LONG FINAL SCREAM OF DESPAIR...



...THERE WAS A DISCORDANT HUM OF HUMAN VOICES! THERE WAS A MARSH GRATING AS OF A THOUSAND THUNDERS! THE FIERY WALLS RUSHED BACK! AN OUTSTRETCHED ARM CAUGHT MY OWN AS I FELL, FAINTING INTO THE ABYSS. IT WAS THE HAND OF A FRIEND, GENERAL LASALLE...

THE FRENCH ARMY HAD ENTERED TOLEDO. THE INQUISITION WAS IN THE HANDS OF ITS ENEMIES...



BY THE GRACE OF FATE ALONE, I AM FREE FROM THAT PLACE OF THE PIT AND THE **PENDULUM...**



"THIS IS THE MAKE-UP OF LON CHANEY AS THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. THE MOST GRUESOME MAKE-UP SELF-APPLIED FOR CHANEY HIMSELF. MASTER AT MAKE-UP AND WENT TO EXTRA-ORDINARY LENGTHS TO MAKE EACH DISGUISE AS REALISTIC AND GROTESQUE AS POSSIBLE. SCREAM SCREEN SCENE PROUDLY PRESENTS...
 "A LOOK AT HOW THE MAKE-UP WAS PERFECTED FOR..."



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

MAPOLLO

"THERE WERE 5 FILMS MADE NAMED 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA' AFTER THE GASTON LEROUX NOVEL... UNIVERSAL'S 1925 PRODUCTION STARRING LON CHANEY AND MARY PHILBIN... UNIVERSAL'S 1943 PRODUCTION STARRING CLAUDE RAINS AND SUSANNA FOSTER... AND HAMMER'S 1962 FILM STARRING HERBERT LOM AND HEATHER SEARS... BUT THE FIRST WAS THE BEST... AND IT WAS LON CHANEY THAT MADE IT THE BEST..."



"CHANEY FIRST USED PIECES OF WIRE TO DISTEND HIS EYES FOR THE EFFECT OF GIVING THEM A MORE POWERFUL AND EVIL APPEARANCE..."

"THEN CHANEY APPLIED PALE AND DEATH-LIKE PAINTED MAKE-UP TO HOLLOW HIS CHEEKS AND GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF LIVING DEATH..."



"HE THEN FITTED WIRE INTO HIS GUMS TO EXPOSE THEM AND CURL THEM... FORCING HIS MOUTH TO BE WRETCHEDLY ALWAYS OPEN AND VICIOUS..."



"THE FINAL FACE WAS WRETCHED... AUDIENCES THROUGHOUT THE MOVIE WOULD FAINT AT THE SIGHT OF IT, AND IN MANY CITIES THE MOVIE WAS ACTUALLY CENSORED BECAUSE OF THE FACE ALONE..."

„NOW...SKYWALD INTERPRETS A SCENE FROM THE GASTON LEROUX
PHANTOM OF THE OPERA...



I CAN'T STAND IT
ANY LONGER ERIK..
I MUST SEE YOUR
FACE... I MUST..

WHAT'S THE **MATTER**
CHRISTINE... YOU WANTED TO SEE
MY **FACE**.. WELL NOW YOU HAVE..

„OR PERHAPS YOU
THINK **THIS** IS A **FALSE**
FACE TOO.. FEEL IT WITH
YOUR **FINGERS**.. IS IT NOT
REAL WOMAN?..
„THIS IS MY **SKIN**..

...LOOKING BACK INTO HISTORY THERE ACTUALLY WAS
A TIME WHEN **VAMPIRE-HUNTS** WERE A
FACT-OF-LIFE... ONE SUCH GLANCE INTO THE MACABRE
HISTORY OF THE WORLD TAKES US TO 1837 IN
OLDENBURG IN GERMANY... FOR A LOOK AT:

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS

...ACTING BECAUSE OF RECURRING ACTS OF
VAMPIRISM OVER A PERIOD OF EIGHT MONTHS
DURING 1837, A WELL ARMED GROUP OF
VILLAGERS RESOLVED TO **END** THE TERROR
THAT STALKED THE TOWN'S STREETS BY
NIGHT... AND AT **DUSK** ON A NIGHT IN MARCH
THEY **ARMED** THEMSELVES AND ENTERED
THE DESERTED CEMETERY...

...INSIDE THE CRYPT THEY DISCOVERED 8 OPEN COFFINS AND THE UNDEAD BODIES OF 5 FEMALES RECENTLY KILLED IN THE TOWN,
AND 3 MALES WHO WERE NOT IDENTIFIABLE...THE VILLAGERS THRUST STAKES INTO THE SEEMINGLY DEAD FORMS AND AS THEY
PERCEIVED THEIR HEARTS THE **SCREAMS** FROM THE 'VICTIMS' WERE **ATROCIOUS AND UNBELIEVABLE**... THE 3 MALE VAMPIRES
MANAGED TO **ESCAPE ALIVE** AND PRESUMABLY FLED TO ANOTHER TOWN, FOR NO ACT OF VAMPIRISM WAS REPORTED IN
OLDENBURG FOR ANOTHER 20 000 YEARS...

...THE INEVITABLE QUESTION ARISES IN OUR MINDS THAT THIS **ACTION** BY THE VILLAGERS OF OLDENBURG MIGHT HAVE BEEN
UNWARRANTED... THAT THE **REPORT** OF THE ACTUAL OCCURRENCE WAS **EXAGGERATED AND FACTS TWISTED** TO AID THE
CHARGE OF SUPERSTITION... IF THIS IS THE CASE THEN THE ACT OF THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS CAN ONLY BE DEFINED AS
LUNATIC AND PERVERSE...

...BUT... IF THEY SPOKE THE **TRUTH** AND IF WHAT THEY **SAID** HAPPENED IN THAT **TOWN** THAT NIGHT REALLY **DID** HAPPEN, THEN THE
ACT OF THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS WAS
...THAT IS THE **QUESTION**... WHAT DO

YOU BELIEVE IS THE ANSWER?



...IT STARTED ON TUESDAY... THE DAY I INSERTED THE FIRST LETTER IN MY UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER: **THE WEST VILLAGE-ELSE...**

"VAMPRESS WANTS TO MEET YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE MALE VAMPIRE TO ENGAGE IN BLOODTHIRSTY -- UNUSUAL PRACTICES"

REPLY BOX 2153

...AS EDITOR IT CAME TO MY ATTENTION WHEN IT WAS SENT IN AS A **CLASSIFIED AD**, BUT IT WAS SO **WEIRD** I FIGURED IT MIGHT BE NICE IN OUR LETTERS COLUMN...

...THE NEXT DAY THE MAIL GUY DUMPED A TON OF LETTERS ON MY DESK... **INQUIRIES AND... PHONE-NUMBERS...** WEIRD, SUGGESTIVE LETTERS TO TEST A MAN'S **SANITY...**

...BUT IT WASN'T THE LETTERS THAT WERE SO **MAD...** IT WAS THE **PICTURES...**

MY SWEET **SANITY...** THE **PICTURES!!** THE **PICTURES!!**

THE VAMPIRE LETTERS



... I PUBLISHED SOME OF THE GROTESQUE REPLIES IN THE NEXT EDITION, WITH THE EXPECTATION OF CREATING A CONTROVERSY TO BOOST THE NEWSPAPER'S CIRCULATION, BUT ALL INTEREST SUDDENLY APPEARED TO TOTALLY *DIE*... I BEGAN TO SUSPECT *WHY* A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN THE FIRST GUY WAS FOUND...



...WITH HER
THROAT RIPPED OUT!

...WE'RE GONNA HAVTA
GET AN **AUTOPSY** ON
THIS ONE.

LOOKIT HER
NECK... IT'S LIKE...
SOMETHIN' OUT OF
A **MOVIE!**

...AND ONLY A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER...
THE SHASTLY SCENE WAS **REPEATED** THIS
TIME IN THE BACK CORNER OF A GRIMY BAR
NEAR MY OFFICES...

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT
THE **OTHER** ONE?

THE
CORONER
SAID IT WAS
A
VAMPIRE!



...YEA...

...YEA...

...HE SAID IT WAS A
VAMPIRE... NOW AM I
SUPPOSED TO FIGHT A
VAMPIRE WHEN THEY
AREN'T SUPPOSED TO
EXIST...


...THE **CORONER**
SAYS IT'S A **VAMPIRE**
AND THE **POLICE**
COMMISSIONER
SAYS THAT'S A LOTTA
RUBBISH...

...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO...



...WHAT?





...I SUPPOSE I COULD'VE ANSWERED HIM WHAT TO DO... TRACE THE AD BACK TO THE GIRL... TRACE HER AND HER FRIENDS AND THROW THEM ALL INTO JAIL OR... BEAT THEM UP IN AN ALLEY... DRIVE STAKES THROUGH THEIR HEARTS... CUT THEIR HEADS OFF... BURN THEM...

...I WENT BACK TO THE OFFICE AND SHUFFLED THROUGH THE CLASSIFIED AD FILES TILL I FOUND HER NAME... **ANNE WALLACE**...

...I COULD'VE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO BUT I **DIDN'T** BECAUSE I'M A **CREEP** AND I WANTED THE PLEASURE **MYSELF**... I WANTED TO INFILTRATE THAT BUNCH OF PERVERTS AND LEARN ALL ABOUT THEIR LITTLE GAMES AND EXPOSE THEM IN MY PAPER... BOOST THE CIRCULATION...

...THE SWEET KID LIVED ON 4TH AVENUE... WHICH DON'T MUCH SURPRISE ME! ALL THE CREEPS AND DEGENERATES LIVE ON 4TH; ALL THE SCUM AND MISFITS TOO WEIRD OR RETARDED OR TOO OLD, SICK, UNEDUCATED, LAZY OR SWASHED TO GET OUT AND EARN A LIVING AND FIND SOMEPLACE **DECENT** TO LIVE...

...I WENT TO **VISIT** ANNE WALLACE... TO APPLY FOR MEMBERSHIP IN HER **CLUB** AND WEAVE MY WAY INTO THEIR HEARTS...

...THE PLACE WAS A **DUMP** AS I EXPECTED; THE RATS RAN INTO HOLES IN THE WALLS TAKING BITS OF THE STAIR CARPET WITH THEM... THAT WAS **LOGICAL**... THEY NEEDED **FOOD** TO STAY **ALIVE**! WHAT ABOUT ANNE WALLACE IN ONE OF THE APARTMENTS UPSTAIRS?... WHAT WAS HER **EXCUSE** FOR TAKING BITS OF THE **HUMAN BODY** AND STUFFING THEM INTO HER **STOMACH**?... WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE **LOGICAL**?...

MISS WALLACE?

...YES...

MY NAME IS HOWARD ANDERSON...
I'VE COME ABOUT THE ADS YOU PLACED
IN THE WEST VILLAGE--ELSE...

...YES, THE ADS... I
WISH I'D NEVER PUT
THEM IN... GOD I
WISH I **WISH!**...

...THE MURDERS...
THEY'VE SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THE
LETTER'S HAVEN'T
THEY... ALL THE
PEOPLE WHO
RESPONDED.

...YES HOWARD...
I... ONLY PLACED THE
LETTER AS A **JOKE**...
MY GOD A **JOKE**...
AND

...AND THE **THINGS**
THAT'VE HAPPENED
...OH GOD...

...YES...
THE **THINGS**...

...SHE WAS ENCHANTING... **ENCHANTING**... SO INNOCENT,
LIKE...

... LIKE SOMETHING ONLY SECONDS **OLD** AND YET AN
ETERINITY OF BEAUTY **YOUNG**... I TALKED TO HER...
FUMBLING FOR QUESTIONS... FOUND MYSELF A BUMBLING,
STUMBLING KID IN GRADE SCHOOL... BUT... BUT WHAT IS
THIS? SHE TOO WAS ENTRANCED WITH **ME**... WE
TALKED IDLY ONLY A SHORT WHILE... OUR SENTENCES
BECAME TOO CLIPPED AND UNFINISHED TO BE SENSIBLE...
AND WE **EMBRACED**... HELD EACH OTHER **MADLY** AND
...OH GOD...

...THE
THINGS...

...GOD
YOU'RE
BEAUTIFUL...

...THE
THINGS...

...BEAUTIFUL...
WONDERFUL
WOMAN...

AND



ANNE!

...THEY... DID
THIS TO ME,
HOWARD...

...BUT HOWARD,
LISTEN TO ME, IT'S
NOT **BAD**, NOT
REALLY **EVIL**,
HOWARD...

...BUT...
HOWARD...

I LOVE YOU HOWARD...

I **KNOW** YOU LOVE ME, AS MUCH
AS I LOVE **YOU**... I **KNOW** YOU DO...

...THIS THING
HOWARD... IT'S
NICE...

REALLY **NICE**...
THE TREMENDOUS
FEELING OF... OF...
GRATIFICATION
HOWARD...

NO
ANNE NO...
NOT LIKE **THIS**
NOT LIKE **THIS**
MY GOD... **WHY**
ANNE, **WHY?**

OH GOD
ANNE!

...GOD I DUNNO HOW I DID IT. I DUNNO **WHY** I DID IT.
I **RAN** FROM THAT ROOM... I **RAN** FROM MY ANNE...

...**NO** HOWARD
...DON'T YOU
LOVE ME?...

...I RAN FROM
MY ANNE...

...**HOWARD**...

...HOWARD FOR GOD'S SAKE
FOR **OUR** SAKE...

DON'T
LEAVE ME!

...I RAN FROM MY ANNE AND I HEARD HER CALLING
AFTER ME... HEARD HER CRYING **I LOVE YOU**
HOWARD... **I LOVE YOU HOWARD**...
AND I KEPT RUNNING BECAUSE I THOUGHT...
GOD... I THOUGHT IT WAS **WRONG**!...

HOWARD...
HOWARD I
LOVE
YOU!

...**HOWARD**...

...WHAT WAS **WRONG**? WHAT COULD BE **WRONG**? WHY
SHOULD I RUN? BECAUSE SHE WAS A **VAMPIRESS**...
BECAUSE SHE WAS **DIFFERENT**? SO **WHAT**? SHE
COULD HAVE MADE **ME** LIKE **HER**... WE COULD'VE BEEN
THE **SAME**... **DIFFERENT TOGETHER**... THE ONLY THING
THAT WAS **WRONG** WAS **MY MORALS**... MY **OLD**,
DEAD MORALS!

...SHE CALLED TO ME AS I RAN... AS I
RAN AS I DAMN POOL FROM MY **ANNE**
I TURNED AT THE DOORWAY AND SAW HER
RUNNING AFTER ME... SAW HER COWING,
HER FACE FULL OF TEARS AND LOVE...
CALLING ME...

...I RAN OUT INTO THE MORNING...THE SUN STREAMED DOWN DRYING THE
PUDDLES IN THE STREET WHICH I JUMPED INTO AS I RAN AND RAN FROM MY
ANNE...THE TEARS STREAMED DOWN MY FACE AND I FORGOT WHY I WAS
RUNNING...THERE WAS NO REASON FOR ME TO RUN...NOT FROM MY ANNE...
NOT FROM MY ANNE...



...I STOPPED RUNNING AND I WAITED FOR
HER TO CATCH UP WITH ME AND THROW HER
ARMS AROUND ME AND LOVE ME...

AND WHEN HER CRYING AND CALLING STOPPED AND
I COULDN'T HEAR HER FOOT- STEPS ANY LONGER
I TURNED AND I SAW HER... ON THE GROUND...
CRAWLING TO ME...



... NOW... I WILL DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO JOIN HER...
JOIN MY ANNE ALTHOUGH IT IS FAR, FAR TOO LATE...



...I LEAVE THESE NOTES FOR MY PAPER... FOR THE
CREEPS AND DEGENERATES TO SNICKER ABOUT... FOR
THE RECORD... NOW... I WILL DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO
JOIN HER... AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON MY
WRETCHED SOUL...



...IT CAME TO HIM AT MIDNIGHT...
WHEN HE WAS ASLEEP... WHEN HE
DID NOT SUSPECT ITS COMING.



...IT CAME TO HIM AT MIDNIGHT... CAME TO
HIM TO KILL HIM... AND IT KILLED WITH
A HATRED IN ITS HEART. IT KILLED HIM
WITH A FIERCE VENGEANCE IN ITS DEAD
HEART... HE HAD NO RIGHT TO KILL IT... NO
RIGHT... NOT AFTER 78 YEARS OF BEING
FRIENDS...



...AND WHEN IT HAD KILLED... IT RETURNED TO ITS GRAVE... ITS
NEW GRAVE OF ONLY A DAY... IT HAD KILLED ITS OWN
MURDERER AND ITS PURPOSE OF MOMENTARY RE-BIRTH WAS
FULFILLED... AND NOW... IT WOULD REST IN PEACE...



THE THING THAT LEFT NO FINGERPRINTS

...AN JEST
CAN'T FIGURE
OUT WHO WOULD
WARRA DO THIS
TO OLD JED...



JED WAS SUCH
A KIND OL' MAN
TOO... DIDN'T HAVE
NO ENEMIES OR
NOTHINGS... HE AN'
THEY OL' DOG
LIVED OUT HE'AR
IN THIS SWAMP FOR
18 YEARS
TOGETHER...

DIDN'T
LEAVE NO
MARKS GIERIF
WASHT...NOTHIN...
NO SIGNS OF WHO
OR WHAT WOULD
DO IT...

...WHERE 'IS
THET OL' DOG
SHERIFF?



OL' JED HADDA
SHOOT HIM THE
OTHER DAY... HE GOT
BIT BY A RABID BAT
ANY FOLKS WAS
SCARED THE DOG
MIGHT INFECT THE
KIDS WHO COME
OUT HERE TO
PLAY...

POOR OL' JED JUS'
DIDN'T HAVE NO
CHOICE...

HE WAS SO UPSET...
IT KILLED HIM TO
SHOOT THET DOG... THEY
WAS INSEPARABLE
FOR 18 YEARS...



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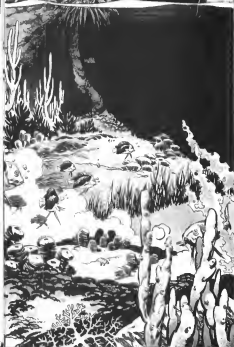
SCREENPLAY:

THE SCENE IS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, SET IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE GREAT RIVERSBOAT QUEENS. THE CAMERA PORTRAYS THE CRUMBLING ROBERT E. LEE AS IT SUDENLY MOVES UP-RIVER FROM NEW ORLEANS TOWARDS ST. LOUIS, PICTURING THE BELLE AT FISH-EYE LEVEL... A NARRATOR OPENS THE FILM IN A DEEP AND ATMOSPHERIC VOICE...

NARRATOR:

THIS IS THE **ROBERT E. LEE**... RAFTILY SAUNTING UP AMERICA'S GREATEST RIVER... GLIDING OUT OF MEMPHIS TENNESSEE INTO THE FILTH AND MUD... SLUGGISHLY BATTILING TIME AND THE PROGRESS OF THE RAILROAD... THERE IS **MORE** THAN MERE **MUD** AND SCIENCE AGAINST HER ON THIS TRIP... THERE IS THE UNNAMEABLE **THING** THAT FOLLOWS HER UNDERWATER... A FETID RIVER-DWELLER WHO SWEARS TO MAKE THIS HER **LAST VOYAGE**... NOW STARTS OUR TALE OF THE BELLE AS SHE SAUNTS OUT THE WORLD OF THE LIVING INTO THE **RIVER OF THE DEAD**...

THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISS ISSIPPI



SCREENPLAY: CLOSE-UP FOR TIGHT HEAD AND SHOULDERS PORTRAIT OF THE OLD RIVERBOAT CAPTAIN... HIS FACE IS WRINKLED AND SEVERELY... HIS EYES ARE SHING CLEARLY IN HIS HEAVY EXPRESSION...



NARRATOR:
"... THIS IS CAPTAIN RICHMOND LINCOLN... A MAN WHO HAS MADE THIS BOAT AND THE RIVER HIS LIFE... THIS IS THE LAST VOYAGE AND HE IS ORDERED TO GOIT HIS POST IN ST LOUIS WHEN HE DOCKS THE ROBERT S. LEE... HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND WHY THEY MAKE HIM RETIRE... HE KNOWS HE IS STILL AN ABLE MAN... AND A DEDICATED AND ACCOMPLISHED MAN..."

SCREENPLAY: AN OVER-ALL SCENE OF THE RIVERBOAT QUEEN SHOWS HER ROCKING AND SHINTING TO A HALT AS IF HER MOTORS ARE TROUBLED...



NARRATOR:
"... THE FIVE ENGINES GRIND TO A HALT HERE... FOR THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME DISORDER ABOUT THE GREAT WHEEL WHICH PROPELS HER... SOMETHING APPEARS TO BE STUCK IN IT..."

SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN ORDERS A SEARCH OF THE WHEEL, ANTICIPATING AN AWFUL DISCOVERY...



...GET SOME MEN ONTO THE WHEEL THERE... FIND OUT WHAT'S GLOSSEING THINGS UP... I WANT NO TROUBLE ON THIS VOYAGE...

SCREENPLAY: A CREWMAN POINTS TO SOMETHING BELOW WHICH THE OTHERS ARE REMOVING FROM THE WHEEL...



... IT'S A BODY CAPN... THERE'S A BODY OF A WOMAN IN HERE... IT'S ALL ROTTED...

SCREENPLAY: A ROTTED, BLOATED CARCASS IS DROPPED ONTO DECK BY ONE OF THE CREWMEN...
...THE PASSENGERS CROWD AROUND AND STARE AT THE REMAINS...



SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN KNOWS THE BODY IS NOT LONG DECAPITATED BUT WILL NOT RISK UPSETTING THE PASSENGERS, AND ORDERS THE ENGINES STARTED AGAIN AND THE VOYAGE RESUMED.

NARRATOR:
"AGAIN THE BELLS
WEAVER THE RIVER, AGAIN
THE DROVE OF THE ENGINES
AS THE MIGHTY PISTONS
TRUD BELLOW DECK, AGAIN
THE CAPTAIN IS LOST IN
HIS SELF-DIE."

SCREENPLAY: AS THE STEAMBOAT TAKES A BEND THE CAPTAIN SCREAMS AN ORDER TO REVERSE ENGINES...



SCREENPLAY: THE CAMERA HOVERS ABOVE, LOOKING DIRECTLY DOWN UPON THE SHIP AS HER GREAT WHEEL, FILLED WITH HUMAN BODIES, DUMPS CORPSES DROCKED OUT OF THE MISSISSIPPI ONTO HER DECK...

NARRATOR:
"... BUT IT IS TOO LATE, FOR ALREADY THE DECK IS FILLED WITH PETID DEATH... DEATH THAT FALLS TO THIS DECK WITH EVERY MAD TURN OF THE MISSING STEAMBOAT WHEEL... WHICH EVERY MOMENT NOW CHOOSES TO DUMP DEAD HUMAN BODIES ONTO THE EMOTIONALLY PARALYZED SHIP... BODIES THAT ARE DEAD ONLY DAYS... DRAINED OF THEIR BLOOD - LEFT THEIR FLESH TORN AND EATEN BY THE..."

CARNIVOROUS MISSISSIPPI



SCREENPLAY: A CREWMAN SCREAMS AT THE OBSCURE HORROR AHEAD OF THE BELLE NOW SLOWLY WORKING DOWNRIVER TOWARDS THEM...

CAPTAIN...
MY GOD
CAPTAIN... WHAT
DO WE DO?...
**LOOK
AT IT!**

SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN RANGES HIS HEAD, LETS IT SLUMP SLOWLY...

NARRATOR:
"... CAPTAIN RICHMOND LINCOLN ISSUES HIS ORDERS NOW... HE KNOWS THEY ARE THE **WRONG** ORDERS, BUT HIS MIND IS TOO FILLED WITH **HORROR** TO THINK CLEARLY AND GIVE ORDERS THAT ARE **RATIONAL** AND **RIGHT**..."

... YOU
SAID...

SCREENPLAY: THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH AN EXPLOSIVE, CRASHING, SHATTERING COLLISION AS TWO MINE RIVERBOATS SMASH... RIPPING AT EACH OTHER'S PROW... GOING INTO THE DICK... ABOUT THE **ROBERT E. LEE** PASSENGERS FALL TO THEIR KNEES WITH THE SUDGEN JERK... ABOUT THE **JEFFERSON DAVID** THE COPIES WHO ARE ITS CREW AND PASSENGERS LET SLOWLY ROCK TO AND ABOUT PONTIFERBLY...

NARRATOR: "... AND IT DOES NOT **MATTER**... WHAT IS **RIGHT** AND WHAT IS **WRONG**... THEY ARE ONLY **WORDS**... NOT APPLICABLE TO THIS KIND OF **REALITY**... THIS **ABSOLUTE HORROR**..."

SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN FALLS TO HIS KNEES, SOBING, COVERING HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS...

SCREENPLAY: AS THE PANICKED CREW TRIES TO FREE THE LOCKED VESSEL, THE WATERS BELOW THEM ROCK AND CHURN AND THE REAR OF AN UNCLEY AND UNNAMEABLE ATROCITY EMERGES...

NARRATOR:
"... SO FILLED WITH SELF
PITY IS THIS **USELESS**
OLD MAN THAT HE HEARS
NOT THE LOW-AMPUL
GROWL THAT COMES
FROM THE WATER
BELOW..."

NARRATOR:
"... A GROWL THAT IS OF
A **BEAST** WITHOUT
EVEN A **NAME**
TO GO BY..."



SCREENPLAY: THE THING CREEPS OUT THE WATER AND ONTO DECK, GRABBING AS IT MOVES SCREAMING PASSENGERS AND CRUSHING THEM IN HIS MANDIBLES...



NARRATOR:
"... FOR IT DOES NOT **NEED**
A **NAME**... IT IS KNOWN BY ITS
ACTIONS... IF ANYMAN BE
LEFT ALIVE TO **SPEAK**
OR **BREATH** OF
THEM..."

SCREENPLAY:
THE OLD CAPTAIN LOOKS
AT THE BEAST WHO
DEMOLISHES HIS SHIP
AND WHO HORRIBLY
MURDERS HIS PASSENGERS
AND CREW...

NARRATOR:
"... IT DOES NOT KNOW
WHO OR WHAT IT IS...
IT DOES NOT KNOW WHO
OR WHAT HE KILLS...
IT DOES NOT SEE THE
FRIGHTENED, PATHETIC
OLD CAPTAIN
CRINGING IN FEAR..."



SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN
CREEPS INTO A CORNER OF
HIS DECK AND HIDES...

SCREENPLAY: SEEING NO-ONE
LEFT ALIVE... NO ONE LEFT TO
KILL... THE MONSTER CREEPS
BACK OVER THE EDGE OF THE DECK...

SCREENPLAY: THE TRUNK HOLDS
THE WHEEL IN HIS HUGE HANDS,
LOOKING THROUGH DETAILED
EYES AT THE CARNAGE ON DECK...

NARRATOR:
"... CAPTAIN LINCOLN IS
NOW, FOR ALL PRACTICAL
AND INTENSE PURPOSES
DEAD... HE MOVES SLOWLY
TO A CORNER AND CRAWLS
IN TO DIE..."

NARRATOR:
"... WHAT IS GOING
ON... THIS ISN'T
ACCORDING TO
THE SCREENPLAY..."



NARRATOR:
"... THE SHIP IS DEAD
NOW... EXCEPT FOR THE
CAPTAIN... CRINGING
IN A CORNER...
AND HE TOO IS
MORE OR LESS
DEAD..."



SCREENPLAY: THE THING SLOWLY
SALES AS IT LETS FREE THE
GREAT WHEEL AND BEGINS TO SLIP
BACK INTO THE WATERS...

NARRATOR:
"...WHAT IS HE DOING?
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE
DEAD... THE OLD MAN
IS SUPPOSED TO
BE DEAD..."

...EATUP...

SCREENPLAY:
THE BEAST NOW
MOVES ON, LEAVING
BEHIND THE TWO
MUTILATED VESSELS,
SINKS INTO THE
MISSISSIPPI, AND
INTO THE MUD...

NARRATOR: "...YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD... YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE IN A CORNER DYING... DON'T
YOU UNDERSTAND THE SCREENPLAY?
THIS ISN'T RIGHT... NO ONE
WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT'S
GOING ON..."

THE
SCREENPLAY
IS ALL WRONG...
IT IS
UNFAIR...

SCREENPLAY: THE JEFFERSON
DAVIS AND THE ROBERT E. LEE ARE
NOW ALONE... CAMERA SLOWLY PANS
SCENE THEN BEGINS TO WITHDRAW...

NARRATOR: "...WRONG?
UNFAIR? ...YOU ARE
DEPICTED AS BEING AN
OLD AND DYING FAILURE...
YOU ARE DEPICTED
AS HAVING LOST THE
STRENGTH OF YOUR
CHARACTER..."

I AM
NOT TOO OLD...
...CAN'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?
I FOUGHT THE BEAST
AND I WON...

...I
WON!

SCREENPLAY: NOW, AS DARKNESS FALLS OVER THIS AWFUL SCENE THE CAMERA SLIDELY RIDES TO BLACK...

NARRATOR: "...BUT IT IS NOT IN THE SCREENPLAY...? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?..."

NARRATOR:

"... YOU'RE
MAD...
...MAD..."

... YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND...
... THE SCREENPLAY
IS **WRONG**...
... RE-WRITE THE
SCREENPLAY...
**RE-WRITE
IT...**

**...RE-WRITE
IT...**

YOU'RE WRONG...
WRONG... THIS IS
NOT THE WAY A
SCREENPLAY SHOULD BE
WRITTEN... DENIGRATING
AN OLD MAN... CALLING
ME OLD AND USELESS...
... IT'S WRONG...
IT'S IMMORAL...

SCREENPLAY:

IT IS NIGHT NOW...
CAPTAIN LINCOLN AGAIN
TAKES THE MIGHTY ROBERT
E. LEE UP THE GREAT RIVER... WHEN
HE DOCKS AT ST. LOUIS HE WILL
HAVE A TALK TO TELL ... AND
HE WILL BE UNASHAMED TO
TO TELL OF HIS PART
IN IT...

I FOUGHT
THE BEAST AND
PROTECTED MY SHIP.
THE SCREENPLAY WAS
WRONG ... I WILL
RE-WRITE THE
SCREENPLAY **PRO-
PERLY...**

**...THE NIGHT
FALLS ON THE
RIVER AND
THE SUN
SLIDES INTO
THE MUD...
FADE TO
FINAL BLACK...**

... welcomes to SCREAM #2—the SPECIAL ORIGIN issue of LADY SATAN ... the macabre beginning of a spectacular new character ... now let's take a look BEHIND THE SCENES at the HORROR-MOOD Corporation to see what's coming up NEXT ...

...A CORRUPT COLLECTION OF OBSCURE ANNOUNCEMENTS AND LUNATIC LETTERS FROM THE MACABRE SCREAM MAILBAG...

... announcing the winner of THE GREAT HORROR-MOOD CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST ...

... TIM LYNCH of Wapping, Connecticut ... is the grand winner of the biggest GARGOYLE EGG we could find for correctly completing the crossword puzzle presented in NIGHTMARE #13 (answers in NIGHTMARE #14) ... Immediate runners-up are KEN WEINSTEIN of Pennsylvania, MARTIN MAHER of New York, DAVE STUCKEY of Missouri, FRANK BEKINSKI of Maryland and DORIS HURR of Ohio

paper) and send it in to us — not just THIS month but EVERY MONTH ...

... this interesting letter from GARY GOYLE of Monticello, Iowa ...

... "NIGHTMARE #9 was but an indication of the THINGS to come. This HORROR-MOOD began to slowly crawl up my PRIMAL SPINAL and began to CHEW its way to my BRAIN ... then it began to TWIST in my skull where it has remained since. PSYCHO'S slithering EVIL leave" ...

best artist PABLO MARCOS does another masterpiece with his HEAP while AL HEWETSON remains as best writer ... bring back more cannibals, ghosts, and how about a battle with THE CORPSE?"

... "THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS" in PSYCHO #12 was weird ... the best story and most macabre was "WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM", the short MADNESS of the story, the continuing SCREAMING, led me to believe this to be the best story yet and the perfect way to round out the ASYLUM ISSUE. That story really got me into the HORROR-MOOD"

of word to have a story starring the UNUSUAL members of the MOOD-TEAM in their weird surroundings doing WEIRD things ... like collecting that GARGOYLE EGGS or using human BLOOD for the ink in their stories ... or showing some of the writers in an ASYLUM ... or some of the artists EXPERIENCING their unusual features ... it would be WEIRD ...

... "the best story you've ever published was probably 'CORRIDORS OF CARICATURE', the reason being that it was a good story, and I really liked the 'shock ending' ...

... "Thank for listening to me and my comments ... may your magazine live as long as my life!" ...

... "P.S. Maybe you know him, he's a Count, born in Transylvania ...

... yes ... we ought know him WELL ...

... well ... it's been a WEIRD RAP FOLK ... we hope you enjoy this SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE ... stay tuned into the HORROR-MOOD and we'll see you in SCREAM #3 ...

R.L.P.

-ARCHAIC AL-

THE SPECIAL ALL-VAMPIRE ISSUE IS COMING

... congratulations also to MARK SCHLANGER, JOHN FLYNN, ANDY MILKIN, JEFF KAPALKKA, MIKE CONNS, MICHAEL RUSSELL, AMY DAVIS and KRIS FERRARI and to all the others who entered to win for another contest soon ...

... see the little coupon on this page? ... this is going to be a regular feature from now on ... we want to know exactly what's going through your mind when you read our little and this is the only way we know how ... so help us out, huh? ... fill out the coupon (or write on a piece of

... "I really freaked out to the cover story for the Annual and the story that really hooked me was not a story at all but the News-Letters page ... IT WAS WEIRD ... by NIGHTMARE #10 the LUNACY began to overcome me. The cover alone slipped into my mind like a rat into cheese. PHASE ONE of the HORROR-MOOD was here. I've been buying PSYCHO regularly and an occasional NIGHTMARE ever since then" ...

... "I never truly realized how DERANGED you were until PSYCHO #8 where 'IT WHISPERED' ... AND IT WHISPERED ... AND IT DID ONE" poked what was left of my DECAYING brain and began to EAT it ... your

... THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are GRUESOME. They definitely have more potential and are the most original of all your characters ...

... I like the idea of SCREAM and if it's anything like the other mag, it'll be MAD!! Only the MANIACS of the MOOD-TEAM could come up with a little like MACABRE for a new mag ... I'm hoping it will be unleashed soon ...

... I think a cool and WEIRD title for a story would be ... "SICK THINGS" (named after a song by ALICE COOPER) ...

... my favorite story artists are ... 1-MARCOS, 2-DELA ROSA, and 3-ZESAR ... please do more INSANE stories about MANIACS ... it would be soon

... become involved — help us understand your likes n' dislikes by filling in this coupon — the first 5 entries will receive an advance copy of the next issue ...

My favorite story this issue was:	
Here's WHY this was the best story:	
name	
address	
city n' other	
age	SCREAM #2—

Mail to: the archaic editors
the Skyweird Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street 1501
New York City N.Y. 10017



THIS IS SUSO

... Silver Suso is at the moment working on the 120 page blockbuster, THE GAGA OF THE VICTIMS, scripted by Antonio Al, but in the last few months has performed magnificent artwork for THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND and THE PETIT BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI ...

... this is a mini-autobiography of this fine artist, in which he tells of his origins and his loves ... I was born on June 2nd of 1941 at nine in the morning ... I think the sun was shining, although I don't remember very well ... Anyway, I'm a Gemini, and, according to the astrologues, very fortunate

... they gave me the name JESUS MANUEL PENA REDO, but since that was too long for somebody as small as me, I was reduced by and by to SUSO, the name by which I expect soon to become famous around the Soler System (and the neighborhood too) ...

... till the age of 14 I spent my time drawing and doodling on all the white surfaces I



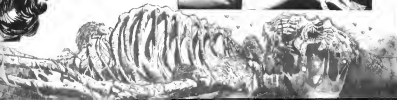
found (I remember some powerful air bottles on the pavement in front of my house, which were admired by all my little friends) ...

... but then the luck that is the Gemini's due intervened; in the shop I knew Esteban Merola, and this meeting changed my life. I gave up my illusions of becoming a famous scribbler and I set out on the voyage of doses; I wanted to become a comic-artist ...

... Merola introduced me to Carlos Gimenez and Adolfo Ureña, and these in turn to a number of artists in Madrid. It was in Madrid, in a studio on Infanta Street, that my life as a professional comic-artist started, a chase-strip for a local newspaper ...

When I felt ripe enough, and following Carlos Gimenez' advice, I went to Barcelona. Some important jobs and then another stroke of luck; I joined the Le Fionda group. With Esteban Merola, Luis Garcia, Adolfo Ureña and Ramon Torrente I worked on 5 a infanteria on the first four issues, after which Esteban Merola took over the strip. Then I took over a series of Carlos Gimenez' "Gringer", which was my Western series until about 1972. After Gringo I took up Horror stories, which is what I'm doing now with Skywald exclusively ...

... Señor Suso has a MAGNIFICENT future with THE HORROR-MOOD CORPORATION, and we invite you to comment on his work as it appears ...



...THIS... IS THE **THING**
 CALLED **NOSFERATU**...
 ...WHO, OR WHAT
 EXACTLY **NOSFERATU**
IS WE HAVE YET TO
LEARN... BUT WE
 UNFORTUNATELY
 ALREADY KNOW HE
 IS A **FRIEND** AND A
HATE **WRONGER...**



...THESE EVIL DISCIPLES
 HE WAS CALLED FROM
 ALL THE COUNTRIES
 OF THE WORLD ARE AS
MAD AND DEPRAVED
 AS **HE IS...** NOW AS THEY
 SIT AND SLURP SPOILED
 AND ROTTEN FOOD DOWN
 THEIR THROATS THEY SEEM
 TO BE A CONTRIVED GROUP
 OF **UNHOLY APOSTLES**
 TO THE MASTER...
NOSFERATU... WHO
 CONDUCTS THIS LAST
 SUPPER, BY **GNAWING**
 AND **DEVOURING** THE
MACABRE SACRAMENTS:
 THE FLESH OF **SATAN...**





NOW AS HE
RAISES HIS SILVER
GOBLET OF
LUCIFER'S SOUR
BLOOD HE
PROPOSES
A TOAST...

SALUTÉ...

I PROPOSE...
GENTLEMEN... A
SHORT TOAST...

...A TOAST
TO HE WHO IS THE
MASTER...

... FIRST THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER... HIS - UNDERSTANDING
FOR A MOMENT **NOSFERATU'S WORDS**... THEN... THEY
KNOW THE UNHOLY THING OF WHOM THEIR HOST
SPEAKS... AND THEY RAISE THEIR GLASSES IN A SILENT
UNANIMOUS **GRIN**...



... THEN **NOSFERATU** TURNS TO THE
MAN WHO IS ROBED IN **WHITE**...
WHOSE EYES AND BODY ARE TOTALLY
HIDDEN FROM THE CURIOS EYES
OF THE OTHERS AROUND, AND
SPEAKS **DIRECTLY** TO HIM...

...THE NAME
IS SINNER
CANE... AND THE
NAME MEANS
EVIL!

NOSFERATU... CHAPTER TWO...

...WHAT?
...IS THAT
NAME?

... AND HE IS **ANSWERED** IN A VOICE BARELY
AUDIBLE AT FIRST... FOR IT IS A LOW,
GUTTERAL, DISGUSTING, **DEEP-**
THROATED VOICE THAT COMES FROM
WITHIN THE DISTURBED **PIT** THAT IS THE
SINGLE **LUNG** OF THIS MYSTERIOUS MAN...
AND SO WE START OUR TALE...

Illustration by J. H. S.



...**NOSFERATU** LEERS
AT THE MAN...**HIS EYES
CRUSH TOGETHER
AND HIS FACE
CRINKLES UP** AS HE
ANTICIPATES THE STORY...
FOR HE KNOWS IT
ALREADY...AND HE'S
ALLOWED TO SMILE...



"...I AM **SINNER CAVE...** KNOWN AS **RUTHLESS...**
AS **PIERCEH...** I AM...OR **WAS...** A **VOODOO**
PRIEST IN THE WEST INDIAN COUNTRY YOU KNOW WELL
AS **H-----!**



MY FOLLOWERS
NUMBER IN THE
THOUSANDS...
DEVOTEES TO MY
PERSONAL
DEFINITION OF
THE **VOODOO...**"





"...THE MAN I DESPISE **MOST** ON THIS GREY PLANET IS THE **PAPA GENERAL**... THE COUNTRY IS A **MILITARY STATE** UNDER HIS TOTAL DOMINATION... I AM HIS **ENEMY**... FOR I RALLY THE **PEOPLE AGAINST HIM**... HE KNOWS THIS AND **HATES** ME AS HIS MOST HATED ENEMY..."



"...BUT I HAD THE **UPPER HAND**... THE **CONTROL**... FOR I HAD THE **PEOPLE**... THEY WHO **DESPISED** HIM... AND I HAD THE **VOODOO**... THAT WHICH SENT HIM TO HIS **KNEES** IN **PAIN**..."



"...I BROUGHT ON HIS **ATTACKS**... HIS **FURIOUS** AND **UNEXPLAINABLE** LUNATIC FITS OF **PAIN**... THE DOCTORS COULD NOT EXPLAIN IT... BUT **PAPA GENERAL** COULD... HE **KNEW**... IT WAS **ME**... TESTING HIS WILL TO FIGHT DEATH FROM MY **VOODOO** ARMATURE OF HIM..."

"BUT I PUSHED HIM **TOO FAR**... I COULD NOT **KILL** HIM WITH MY **VOODOO**... HIS **WILL** WAS TOO STRONG... SO I **TAUNTED** HIM AND **TORTURED** HIM... BUT I... I PUSHED HIM **TOO FAR**..."

OHHH GOD GOD

OH MY DEAR GOD
DAMN YOU CANE
DAMN YOU!



GENERAL...
IS THERE
ANYTHING WE
CAN DO?...
ANYTHING?



YES...
THIS HAS GONE ON
LONG ENOUGH...
CANE MUST BE
DESTROYED!!

CANE... SR?
...WHAT HAS HE TO
DO WITH YOUR DISEASE,
YOUR PAIN?

OH... YOU WOULDN'T
KNOW...

...YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE!...

HE MUST BE DISCREDITED IN THE
EYES OF THE PEOPLE... HE MUST
LOSE HIS CONTROL OF THE
PEOPLE

...CANE BLACKMAILS
BUSINESSMEN AND POLITICAL
LEADERS FOR HIS OWN ENDS... HE
USES THE PEOPLE'S BLUES HIS
FOLLOWERS... THIS MUST BE
EXPOSED...

...I CAN
TAKE HIS...
VOODOO...
NO
LONGER...
I MUST
FIGHT HIM
BACK...
AND WHAT
BETTER
WAY THAN
WITH THE
TRUTH!





"... THE NEXT NIGHT WHEN I ENTERED MY HEADQUARTERS I FOUND MY FIRST LIEUTENANT WITH HIS THROAT WIPED OUT... HE WAS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN, STRUNG UP TO THE CEILING WITH A COARSE ROPE... BESIDE HIM I FOUND A NEWSPAPER...

... THAT HEADLINE TORE INTO ME... PARA GENERAL'S VICIOUS ASSAULT THRU THE PRESS AWAY MY VESTIGE OF 'GOODNESS' FROM ME... NO LONGER... WOULD I HAVE VOLUNTARY FOLLOWERS..."

"... BUT VOLUNTEER SLAVES WERE NOT NECESSARY... NOT WHEN PRIME-PICKINGS LAY ROTTING IDLY IN ANY CEMETERY OF MY CHOICE..."



WORSAN INSIDE... I KNEW YOU IN LIFE... YOU WERE A STRONG FIGHTER... VERY BRAVE...

THE ALL CAME OUT OF THEIR CRYPTS... THEY ALL CAME OUT TO HELP ME... THEY ALL HATED PARA GENERAL... HE KILLED THEM ALL... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER... NOW THEY WANTED HIM DEAD... THEY SERVED NOT ME BUT MY PURPOSE...

UNFORTUNATELY YOU DIED WHEN YOU ATTEMPTED TO ASSASSINATE YOUR MILITARY PRESIDENT...

... I NEED YOU HERE... NOW...

NOW YOU MAY RISE UP AND OUT OF THAT CRYPT...

HOWEVER...

NOW... YOU RISE UP AND OUT OF THAT CRYPT...



I LED MY ARMY
TO THE **MILITARY
PALACE**... THAT
ARMY OF DEAD,
SOUL-LESS
THINGS... THAT
CORPS OF EVIL,
MINDLESS CORPSES
BENT ON REVENGE...
I LED THEM... NA NA NA
NA NA NA NA NA NA!
... **PROUD** TO LEAD
THAT CORRUPT ZOMBIE
COLLECTION OF
DEAD **POINTLESS**
THINGS... **PROUD**...

...I WAS THEIR
NAPOLEON...
LEADER OF NEK...
IF NOT THE
LYING AT
LEAST OF THE
DEAD!..."

"...THEY **DESTROYED** THE
GUARDS AT THE GATE... AND
WITHIN THE COMPOUND
SURROUNDING THE GENERAL'S
QUARTERS THEY **DEMOLISHED**
THOSE WHO DIDN'T FLEE IN
UTTER FEAR..."

"...NEVER HAS SUCH A **DREADFUL**
SIGHT BEEN SEEN STANDING,
FILLING A SINGLE DOORWAY, SUCH
AWFUL HORRORS ARE **NAVE**
...AS **RARE** AS THE **MOON** ON
THE GENERAL'S **FACE**..."



...HEH HEH...

...HEH HEH HEH...

HEH HEH HEH

"...I WAS CONVINCED
SAPA WAS A GOOD AS
DEAD... THEN HE
PULLED THE THING
FROM BEHIND HIS BACK
AND **WAIVED** IT IN
FRONT OF HIM...
GLOATING..."

YOU
KNOW

...WHAT I
CAN DO WITH
THIS SINNER
CAME...

...RELEASE YOUR
HOLD ON THEM! LET
THEM DIE...

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

"...I WATCHED
MY PROUD
ARMY DIE... I
LET MY WILL
SLIP FOR A
MOMENT...
I HAD TO
... HIS
DOLL
OF ME
MADE
ME..."

...PLACE YOUR
HAND IN THE FIRE
SINNER CAME...
...NOW...







...BUT...
...YOU...
...WHAT ABOUT YOU...

...AND... **HOW**
DID YOU MANAGE TO
OVERCOME THE
POWER OF HIS
VOODOO... DID
YOU **WRESTLE** THE
DOLL FROM HIM
SOMEHOW...

"...NO... I NEVER DID, HE FORCED
ME TO TAKE A GUN TO MY HEAD...
ONLY AFTER I WAS ALREADY **DEAD**
WAS I ABLE TO EXERCISE MY **OWN**
WILL... I **KILLED HIM**... AS HE HAD
KILLED **ME**...



...WHY IS THIS...
'THING'... STILL
ALIVE? IT HAS
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE **VOODOO**...
BUT IT DOES NOT
MATTER WHY... THE
OTHER 'THINGS'
WHO SIT AROUND
THIS TABLE DO NOT
WONDER...

...THEY JUST... **CHORE**...

...NEXT: THE TALE
OF ANOTHER...

NIGHTMARE

... ENTER WORLD'S UNDREAMED - FANTASIES UNKNOWN ...
ENJOY THE MACABRE THING-WITHIN
DEFINED AS

A PSYCHO

... MACABRE ... WEIRD ... UNPRECEDENTED HORROR ...

TERROR

VIOLENT ACTS OF VENGEANCE - STRANGE PLANS OF MURDER

CORPSES

GHOULS

VAMPIRES

MONSTROSITIES



"... I ENTERED ...
DESCENDED
INTO A MACABRE
AND ENDLESS PIT
WHICH SEEMED
TO RUN FOR
MILES
UNDERGROUND."

reasons to read

SCREAM

NIGHTMARE

PSYCHO

... the HORROR-MOOD ones from SKYWALD ... the 'MOOD' CORPORATION ...

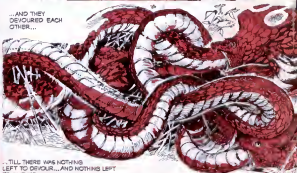
...A GOTHIC FAIRY TALE...

A TALE OF 2 MACABRE SNAKES

...ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE
TWO SNAKES... TWO
HUNGRY
SNAKES...



...AND THEY
DEVoured EACH
OTHER...



...TILL THERE WAS NOTHING
LEFT TO DEVOUR... AND NOTHING LEFT
TO SLITHER...

...LEARN THE
MEANING
OF

HORROR

AS YOU LEARN HOW TO

...AND THE **MORAL** OF OUR GOTHIC FABLE
IS: ASP NOT WHAT YOUR STOMACH CAN DO FOR
YOU ASP RATHER, WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR
STOMACH...

SCREAM

INSIDE!!

...THEY SLITHER ABOUT
AND ATTACK EACH
OTHER'S TAILS...